

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1878.

THE ELECTIONS.

The BAZOO has perfected arrangements that will secure the earliest reliable returns from the elections all over the State and country. On Wednesday afternoon this paper will have the result of the vote of every Congressional district, and of the Eighth in full.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Our friends throughout Pettis county will please see that the returns are sent to the BAZOO promptly as soon as counted. Send by letter or messenger to the nearest telegraph station at our expense. After dating, word telegrams as follows:

BAZOO,
SEDALIA, Mo.
Township No. —.

Put vote here.

Chilton.....
Palmer.....
Murray.....
Payne.....
Gibson.....
Lower.....
Brown.....
Age.....
Fields.....
Vogler.....
Gentry.....
Shobe.....
Jackson.....
Warden.....
Sign full name. —.

By complying with the above you will greatly oblige.

Telegraph operators will please see to it that no telegrams are duplicated to us.

JUDGE V. T. CHILTON.

The gentleman whose name appears at the head of this article, the Democratic candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, is too well known in Sedalia and Pettis county to need any commendation as a citizen or as a candidate. One of the earliest settlers in this county, Judge Chilton is known far and near, and is universally honored and respected for his intelligence, culture, integrity and public spirit.

We have refrained from needlessly urging our readers to vote for Judge Chilton, when it seemed improbable that any considerable number of them could hesitate to vote and work for his election. Whenever he has been elected by unusually large majorities, receiving the votes of intelligent, respectable citizens of all political parties. And in every office he has ever held, he has performed his duties in the most honorable and satisfactory manner.

Pettis county never had a better citizen, or a more faithful officer, than Judge Chilton; and though a farmer—allied in interests and sympathies with the agricultural element, he has ever been a warm friend and supporter of every measure and policy calculated to advance material interests of Sedalia.

We have not noticed, and shall not now attempt to notice, any of the frivolous, senseless, malicious and slanderous charges and arguments that some have attempted to use against Judge Chilton. His character is too noble and his reputation too surely established, to justify any notice of his petty detractors.

And now that the election is at hand, we can truly say that nothing has been, or can be, urged against him to show him to be unworthy of the cordial support of any Democrat, or any voter, who wishes our county and city to be properly represented in the next Legislature.

His election seems to be assured, and we call on all good citizens to aid in swelling his majority.

Robbed in a Wagon Yard.
A man named Williamson, a mover from Illinois, reported to the Marshal yesterday morning that he had been robbed the night previous of between eighty and ninety dollars. The particulars of the affair are as follows. Williamson had two wagons, and besides his family two neighbors were traveling with him to Kansas. Friday evening he put up for the night in Christ. Powlson's wagon yard, near the stock yards in the southern part of the city. He and his family slept in his wagon. Yesterday morning when he awoke he discovered that his pocketbook, which was in his pocket when he laid down, was gone. He got up and investigated the surroundings and found his pocketbook lying open and empty in the bed of an adjoining wagon. Upon the ledge between the wheels of his own wagon was a large iron gate weighing several pounds. This the thief had provided a weapon in case his victim awoke or offered resistance while he was robbing him.

To his sound sleep, Williamson probably owes his life, for had he awoke the thief would have undoubtedly killed him with his terrible weapon. The robbery was accomplished by the man standing upon the outside, raising the wagon sheet, and then reaching into the man's pockets. The thing does not belong to any of the gates in the vicinity, and was brought from a distance. The job appears to have been done by some one who knew that he had the money and also where he kept it.

Mr. Williamson says it was all the money he had except five dollars. He has a brother living in Vernon county, and the law will compel him to stop there instead of pursuing his original route.

Installation.
At the regular meeting of the Sedalia Lodge, No. 656, I. O. O. F., on last Friday evening, the 1st inst., the following named officers were installed for the ensuing term: W. B. Cox, W. C. T.; Miss Zetta McAlpine, W. V. T.; A. D. Fisher, W. R. S.; Miss Mary Lingle, W. M.; Charles Wilson, W. F. N.; Mrs. W. H. Wilson, W. Treasurer; A. H. McAlpine, W. C.; S. J. B. Fair, P. W. C. T.; C. C. Abbott, D. M.; Miss Annie McAlpine, A. R.; Miss Ida Barber, W. L. S.; G. J. John, W. O. R. G.; Miss Mattie McAlpine, W. R. H. S.; Miss Ida Fair, W. L. H. S.

Number of initiations during the quarter, 24. Number of members in good standing 85.

A MODERN CHURCH.

Time was, when the church was approached as the holiest place of earth—when at its sacred threshold all earthly things were put off, and mind and heart, in earnest humiliation, bowed down in the invisible presence of the Almighty God. A solemn stillness pervaded the sanctuary, the grave faces of those who assembled showed that they realized their nearness to the Deity, and order, quiet and decorum reigned supreme. Simple as God's laws were the service, earnest as the sublime faith were the appeals to the throne of grace, and beautiful, plain and concise were the teachings of the Scriptures expounded and commented upon. The Word came like crystal truths, sparkling in their purity, from a fount that was fed with God's own hand; they fell like the dew of heaven upon thirsty souls, and carried conviction and consolation to every heart. The hymns of praise, like the songs of glad birds, rose from joyful hearts and welled up into space to Him from whom all blessings flow. The heartfelt benediction o'er crowds of gray-haired men and women gathered around their honored pastor, each eager to say a word of kindness, each eager to clasp the hand of a pure, modest, unassuming servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. Warmly were they welcomed, and sweet were the benedictions that fell from his lips, as the congregation dispersed to their homes, purer men, better women, with sanctified hearts and renewed faith.

What do we see now?
In an edifice built like a pagan temple, a glittering throng of vanity assembles with all the frivolity of the matinee. There is paint upon the faces of the women and lies on their lips; there is lust, and greed, and avarice, and hate, in the hearts of the men, and every base born passion can be read in their face. The air is stifling with perfume, the sunlight flashes from diamonds and pearls, and the rustling of rich satins sounds as the breeze through the forest. The hum of conversation, the bold defiant stare, the contemptuous tone of scorn, the averted glance of envy, the cool survey of the libertine and the silly flitting of maidenhood, all are manifested with bold indifference. The crash of operatic music drowns the ear as the shrilling soprano splits her lungs with affection and mouths a torrent of words neither known nor understood.

The altar is festooned with flowers, and obsequious, cringing, sycophantic subordinates walk on tip toe to place mammoth bouquets in advantageous positions as offerings of vanity to the god whom these people worship.

And lo! he comes.
Sleek, fat and self-anointed, smirking with complaisance and conscious of the homage that rivals the idolatry of the heathen, he stands upright in the altar, an insult to heaven and an everlasting disgrace to mankind. Subtle sophistries woven in a perverted brain flow eloquently from his lecherous lips, and are drunk in with eager avidity by those who revel in the novel, the new and startling. His hour is over, his hollow hearted subservience at the heavy work, "the worship" is done, and "the audience" retired—amused and delighted!

This is the humble apostle of Christ who receives \$25,000 a year for his service! This is the man who charged \$1,500 for lecturing for the benefit of a charity fund in San Francisco, while the Fifth Avenue theater, of New York, contributed \$1,428.60 to the yellow fever relief fund!

This is the man who, when thousands were suffering with disease and starvation, treated a request to lecture for their benefit with a contemptuous and heartless refusal! This is the man who roams from one end of the land to the other, bartering God's copy right for dollars and cents wherever he can get a crowd to hear him!

Hymns and psalms heretofore were inspirations dedicated to the Almighty, when was when the world had one God. But the following will show that there is no another:

In aid of the fund to send the Thirteenth Regiment to Canada, to celebrate the Queen's birthday, in Montreal, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the Chaplain, will lecture on Wednesday evening, Nov. 6. The rallying hymns of Plymouth Church, "Beecher" and "Charles Wesley," have been set to the music of a brass band of forty-one pieces by Harvey B. Dodworth, and they are to be played at the lecture.

It is enough to make Wesley turn over in his grave to have his name tacked to the tail of an adulterous libertine, who has served a dog's death.

Such is Beecher to call him reverend would be blasphemy, and such is Plymouth, to call it a church, would be a ridiculous misnomer. He has done more to demoralize the human race than all other agencies of wickedness combined.

Another modern apostle haunts the slums and sinks of iniquity of New York. The next Sabbath he preaches his hearse with what? The religion of Christ—the teachings of the Word of God? Oh, no. He relates anecdotes of harlots, adventures, vagabondage, describes glittering gambling halls, and depicts the interior of dance houses, where he has witnessed the can! This before matrons and maidens in a place they call the House of God!

And yet these people regard an illustrated paper that portrays events that occur in the places that Talmage visits with holy horror. Sweet consistency!

But this humble follower of the Lord goes further. He says that married men and the fathers of families are the best patrons of these sinks of iniquity; that he knows who they are; that he can call their names. A newspaper asserts that his salary was immediately raised.

He did not call their names!

Such is one phase of our modern religion—hollow, false and heartless. We ask the aged to compare it with that of their childhood—that simple, pure and holy worship that elevates the soul to a glorious immortality.

Married.

At the residence of the bride's mother, four miles south of Lamotte, Pettis Co., by the Rev. Bailey, of Lamotte, Mr. Simon A. Taylor to Miss Christine Miller, all of this county.

Attendants—Mr. John McIntosh and Miss Elaina Roberts.

The congratulations of the BAZOO are tendered to Mr. Yantis and bride. None are more deserving and that the blessings of Him will be showered on them, is the ardent wish of many friends. Mr. Y. is a most estimable and valuable citizen. All such men are needed here.

A BLOODY DAY.

Satan's Sons at Concordia Yesterday.

Two Men Nearly Killed and in a Dangerous Condition.

Things were red-hot in Concordia yesterday, and a BAZOO reporter brought his note book into requisition to good advantage. A Mr. Goody and his wife rent rooms in the house owned and occupied by H. Detert. The latter keeps a store, or rather his wife does for him, for he is said to be a shiftless cuss and a hard drinker. When in his cups he is very quarrelsome and abuses his wife by beating her, etc. A few days ago he was arrested for his drunkenness and brutality and placed in jail. He became contrite and repentant, and his wife secured his release.

Mr. Goody is an engineer employed at the mill in Concordia. He is reported a peaceable, upright man. Detert, it is said, became enamored of Mrs. G., and has repeatedly persecuted her with his attentions, notwithstanding Mr. G. had warned him to desist or take the consequences. Goody owed Detert for rent, and the latter went to Mrs. G. after it. Mr. G. told his wife not to pay Detert but to pay his wife, which she did. This infuriated Detert, and led to the row yesterday.

Yesterday morning, while Goody was at work, Detert went to Mrs. G. and began abusing her about the rent. Finally he made the most infamous proposition to the lady which she rejected with scorn and drove him from her presence. He went down stairs into his store, and Mrs. Goody went to the mill and informed her husband. The latter, of course, was terribly enraged and started at once for Detert's. The latter saw him approaching and armed himself with an ax handle. Goody got the ax handle away from Detert and used it with terrible effect. After he had got through with his work Detert was taken to his room covered with blood. An examination of his injuries showed that his skull was fractured, his left arm and three fingers of the right hand were broken, and last night he was reported in a very critical condition. Goody gave himself up to the authorities.

BAD FINGER WITH A PISTOL.

On Friday night the colored people of Concordia gave a dance at a house west of town. During the evening Willis Clark accused James Davis of insulting his (Clark's) wife. Davis denied the charge and called him several bad names. Clark, a high-toned gentleman of honor, pulled his peace-maker and blazed away at Davis, shooting him in the mouth. This interesting event closed the festivities. Davis is severely, and it is thought mortally, wounded.

THAT Hired GIRL.

Young Gradden called it a cornet, and it was made in Vienna. Last summer he used to get on top of the house and draw his cornet up by a string. Then his solos would peal out on the midnight air so not, so sweet, so enchanting, that the whole neighborhood on Broadway would put their night-capped heads out of the windows to listen, and felt proud if they did catch cold. He was very careful with his cornet-piston, and always stood it on the bureau with its bell up. The hired girl brought a pound of lard in a paper from the grocery, yesterday, and laid it on the bell of the cornet while she stooped down to tie her shoe. But the coffee pot boiled over in the next room, and she hurried in just in time to save it. The lard was warm and sank down into the cornet to bluish unseen and forgotten.

Young Gradden brought the new minister home to dinner, because the latter wanted to hear him play. And when the girls in the neighborhood saw the new minister go into Gradden's house, each one went to pay back Mrs. G. the coffee, sugar and starch they had borrowed, so they could pay their debts, see the new minister and hear the cornet. They all seated themselves in front of him, and he stood up with his left foot thrown out, his cornet to his mouth, and his fingers sticking up straight in the air over the keys.

And he said he would play an air from La Tyrolaise, the first blast of which awakes the mountaineer on his native peak at early dawn. He drew a long breath, distended his cheeks, and then blowing his head and cornet he threw on 253 pounds of wind to the square inch, and blew a terrific blast.

A healthy majority of that warm lard hit the new minister square in the face, while the scattering returns flew over the girls like a Kentucky snort. The minister fell over backward in his chair and as, unfortunately, the front door behind him was open, he continued his pilgrimage down the steps on to the sidewalk, with both feet up in the air. His eyes and side-whiskers were full of grease, and he got up and ran for his room, but Officer Connor headed him off, and he broke for Flat Creek. The girls went into Mrs. G.'s bedroom, and young Gradden went down to the Garrison House depot to find out how much the cornet cost to St. Louis.

We are afraid that the chrome of "Cate," that hangs in the front room is ruined, while at least a quarter of a pound of soft lard rests on the bosom of the Father of His Country in a steel engraving.

Joe Follier, who went into the woods to take the minister some clean clothes, says he wanted to know if there wasn't some small select community about 45 miles back in the country that would like to hire a shepherd for their flock.

C. G. Taylor.

This well known gentleman is a candidate for County Judge, and we hope to see him elected by a large majority. Mr. Taylor is a citizen whose personal influence has ever been through on the side of morality and good government. He has been honored with several high positions, and acquitted himself with fidelity and credit. His character is above suspicion, and if elected he will make a faithful and efficient officer.

Will L. Vinscher.

We are pleased to learn that Will L. Vinscher, well known throughout Missouri and the West as a popular newspaper man, now editor of the Telstar Times in Westville, California. Vinscher is a brilliant writer and thoroughbred Bohemian, and we wish him success in his new career. If Vinscher had been here instead of handsome, the world would have just "hoops" of fun.

EAR TO EAR.

There are two or three theories of the murder, but the following our reporter believes is the one generally accepted as correct.

First, that the murder was committed by some one who knew the habits of and was known to the deceased, for the latter was a careful man, and would not be apt to open the store at that hour of the night to a stranger. It is supposed that Mr. Cockrell had made his bed upon the counter and then sat down in a chair near the other counter, upon which was found a lamp, and was reading a newspaper. He had taken his revolver out and laid it upon the counter near him. Some one came to the door and wanted to get in to get some whisky. He recognized the person, took off his spectacles, laid them on the counter, threw the newspaper he was reading upon the pistol, and got up and went to the door and unlocked it. Admitting the murderer, Mr. Cockrell took the bottle and proceeded to the back room where the whisky was kept. He entered the room, followed by his assassin, stooped down with his right side to the barrel to turn the faucet. As he did so, the villain must have knocked his cap off with his right hand, and, with the store leg which he had kept concealed, dealt

Murder of Thos. Cockrell, at Ridge Prairie.

Found With His Throat Cut from Ear to Ear.

Full Particulars of the Terrible Crime.

On Friday night a correspondent furnished us with the information that Mr. Thomas G. Cockrell had been inhumanly butchered on Thursday night at Ridge Prairie, in Saline county. Early yesterday morning a BAZOO reporter was dispatched to the scene, and after a ride of fifty miles on horseback, returned last night with the following full particulars of the crime.

BLOOD-CURDLING BUTCHERY.

Ridge Prairie is a small cross-road village, in the southeastern part of Saline county. It is twenty-six miles from Sedalia, sixteen miles from Marshall, and twelve miles south of Arrow Rock. The village consists of one store owned by F. M. Stott, a blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, and a few dwellings.

THOMAS G. COCKRELL was a man of about forty-five years of age and at the time of his death was clerking for Mr. Stott, who was absent. Mr. Cockrell boarded at the house of Mr. Cook, a blacksmith, who resided but a short distance from the store. Cockrell slept in the store, and during Mr. Stott's absence was left alone in charge.

It has been the custom of Mr. Stott to send his receipts once a week to Sedalia or Arrow Rock for deposit, but there had been no money sent from the store for a week, and at the time of the murder and robbery there was a week's receipts in the drawer.

THE MURDER.

Mr. Cockrell ate his supper at the store hour at Cook's and returned to the store. At seven o'clock Mr. George Womack, a young man who resides close by, went down to the store to have a little chat with Cockrell. When he got to the store he found it closed for the night. Seeing a light on the inside, he rapped on the door, but receiving no answer, he walked away. As he was leaving the store Mr. Cockrell opened the door and called him back. Womack went in and sat down and talked with him for about an hour. At five minutes to seven o'clock Womack got up and bid him

GOOD NIGHT FOR THE LAST TIME.

Cockrell closed the store, and that is last that was seen of him alive by anybody except the murderer or murderers.

On Friday morning, Mr. Cockrell did not appear at Mr. Cook's at the usual hour for breakfast, the latter sent his little boy down to the store to call him. The boy went to the store and found the door unlocked. He pushed it open and looked in but saw nobody, and returning to the house informed his father.

After that Mr. Cook started to call Cockrell. On his way to the store he met Sam Cockrell, nephew of Mr. Cockrell, a young man about 26 years old. They entered the store together, but saw nobody. Mr. Cook, however, went through the store to a back room where the liquor was kept, and there lying upon the floor he saw Mr. Cockrell. He immediately called out:

"WOM, HERE HE IS!"

And there poor Cockrell was, sure enough, cold in death, and weltering in his blood. Upon making an examination they found four deep wounds upon the left side of his head, and a horrible gash in his throat, running around from the left side, severing the jugular vein and all the principal arteries of the neck. The body was lying on its side in a pool of blood. It was cold and stiff, and it was thought from appearances that he had been murdered about 9 o'clock the night before. He had on all his clothing, except his cap, which lay on the floor beside him.

THE TOOLS OF DEATH.

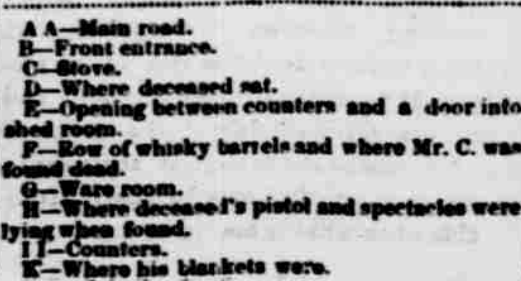
In a pool of blood lay an opened common jack-knife, the blade of which was about three inches long. This was the weapon with which his throat was cut. Near the body, and also lying on the floor, was a large, heavy and old-fashioned iron store leg, weighing several pounds. This was covered with blood and hair, and was evidently the weapon with which the murderous blows were inflicted. Whiskey bottle was found lying on the floor, with a little liquor left in it, and marks upon the floor as if some had been spilled.

IN THE STORE ROOM.

In front, upon one counter was his bed made up, as if he had been just ready to retire. Near the opposite counter was a chair, and on the counter near it was a pair of spectacles, his navy revolver that was usually kept in the money drawer, and a newspaper covered the pistol. The money drawer had been broken open and robbed of its contents except some small change. The following

DIAGRAM

will give the reader a pretty accurate idea of the premises.



THEORY OF THE MURDER.

There are two or three theories of the murder, but the following our reporter believes is the one generally accepted as correct. First, that the murder was committed by some one who knew the habits of and was known to the deceased, for the latter was a careful man, and would not be apt to open the store at that hour of the night to a stranger. It is supposed that Mr. Cockrell had made his bed upon the counter and then sat down in a chair near the other counter, upon which was found a lamp, and was reading a newspaper. He had taken his revolver out and laid it upon the counter near him. Some one came to the door and wanted to get in to get some whisky. He recognized the person, took off his spectacles, laid them on the counter, threw the newspaper he was reading upon the pistol, and got up and went to the door and unlocked it. Admitting the murderer, Mr. Cockrell took the bottle and proceeded to the back room where the whisky was kept. He entered the room, followed by his assassin, stooped down with his right side to the barrel to turn the faucet. As he did so, the villain must have knocked his cap off with his right hand, and, with the store leg which he had kept concealed, dealt

FOUR RAPID, TERRIFIC BLOWS

upon the left side of his head, any one of which would have caused death. But to make assurance doubly sure, the murderer then took his knife and, plunging it into the left side of his neck, slashed it clear around to the front, from which wound, of course, his unconscious victim speedily bled to death. Then going to the money drawer he successfully accomplished the object of his terrible deed, leaving the knife and the store leg behind him.

One peculiar and significant thing must be here mentioned. From the position in which Mr. Cockrell was placed, and the manner in which the blows were struck with the store leg, shows conclusively that

THE MURDERER WAS LEFT-HANDED.

All of the blows, as well as the cut with the knife, being upon the left side of the head and throat. The knife was a common, cheap one, with a red wood handle. The store leg, however, no one seemed to recognize, but it is said that at the inquest a negro swore that he saw that same store leg about a week ago in the cooper shop.

THE AMOUNT STOLEN.

Mr. Stott has been absent about two weeks and was expected home yesterday. He went to St. Louis to transact business and from there he went to Charleston, Mississippi county, to get his wife, who was at that place on a visit. Mr. Cockrell being left in charge of the store alone, of course no one can know how much money there was in the drawer, but there was probably the receipts of a week's business.

THE INQUEST.

An inquest was held by Justice O. D. Finley, at a school house about half a mile west of Ridge Prairie, at ten o'clock yesterday morning. A large crowd was in attendance and the following is a list of the jurors:

C. B. Hooper, G. B. Fletcher, J. A. Marr, Jas. A. Harvey, John Dial, B. L. Stevens.

Mr. J. O. Canon, who was present, went and arrested a negro who had once had a difficulty with the deceased. He was a bad character and had been in the penitentiary. He was brought before the coroner and examined, but afterward released.

Several other negroes were brought before the coroner and examined. A white man by the name of Rains was also examined, but nothing was elicited of any consequence. Nothing could be discovered throwing any light upon the perpetrators of the deed, and the jury brought in a verdict that the deceased came to his death from wounds inflicted with the store leg and knife in the hands of some person or persons unknown.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral took place yesterday morning. The remains, after being viewed by the Coroner's jury, were taken to Pleasant Green, and interred in the family burying ground with appropriate services. A large concourse of friends and relatives assembled to pay the last sad rites to their unfortunate relative and friend.

DE BARNES.

A BAZOO reporter interviewed Dr. Barnes. He said it was a very mysterious case. Any one of the wounds upon the head would have caused death, but no doubt death immediately resulted from the severing of the jugular vein. His opinion was that, from surrounding circumstances he thought the murder was committed by some one acquainted with the deceased.

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

Late in the afternoon before the murder, a stranger on foot was seen coming from Arrow Rock toward Ridge Prairie. He was a little above medium height, sandy complexioned, red moustache and goatee, weighs about 160 pounds, wears a long black coat, exceedingly well dressed for a tramp or footman. A man supposed to be the same one was seen near evening in Cooper county, near the Lamine bridge, about nine miles from Booneville. He seemed to be in a hurry and wanted to get to Booneville on the first train. This is all that is known of him.

ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE.

Notwithstanding the crowds that have assembled to view the scene, no well organized effort has yet been made to capture the murderer.

No reward has yet been offered, but with the tell-tale store leg and knife clues could be found that would speedily lead to the discovery and arrest of the murderer.

THOMAS G. COCKRELL.

was unmarried and about forty-five years of age. He was born in Virginia, and has resided in Missouri for many years. He has resided at the Reuben V. Harvey's, his sister-in-law, for several years. He was an intelligent, cultured man, of genial disposition and a happy temperament. He was very popular, and had hosts of friends, but no enemies so far as known. He deserved a better fate.

HE WASN'T DEAD.

When you bury a man, first be sure you are right before you go ahead. In takes some time and trouble to get in to this world, not to say expense; there is considerable trouble experienced in getting along after one is in it; and it is highly improper to get the drop on a fellow when he can't help himself and rush him out of it.

Something That People Ought to go Slow about.

A case in point occurred down in Joplin the other day J. F. Parsons, of St. Louis, the well known and popular general agent for the Hercules Powder Company, was taken sick in that town and was lying very ill at the Joplin Hotel—so low, in fact, that his life was despaired of. On last Monday night, at about half past 2 o'clock, his condition changed rapidly for the worse and his nurse, becoming alarmed, sent immediately for medical aid. Drs. Phillips and Pinney promptly responded, and found their patient apparently in a dying condition. His face was black, and there was no doubt that he was suffering from congestion of the brain. They administered the proper remedies, but in spite of all they could do he continued to sink, and there was no doubt in the minds of the watchers that the last hour of the unfortunate man had indeed come. Slowly he sank; his pulse became feeble, and feebler, and at last was lost. His heart ceased to beat, his gasping for air became less frequent, and finally his breathing ceased altogether. His watchers thought him dead, and prepared to lay him out. The pillow was taken from under his head that he might lie straight. His limbs were placed together, his eyes closed and his hands reverently crossed.

His family were informed, and all the measures necessary were promptly taken for the disposal of the remains. Friends and acquaintances called and went to see the corpse, and have a good regret. Then they would tell what a good fellow he was, discuss his virtues, relate a few anecdotes, venture an opinion about his next election, and retire.

But shortly afterward his physicians, who were not satisfied, thought they noticed signs of returning life, and again commenced work in earnest. Their labors were successful, and in half an hour they had resuscitated him so far that he was able to recognize his surroundings. He is still weak, but no man was apparently more dead than he was for a short time, and his resuscitation, to a bystander, appeared like bringing a dead man to life.

And this is why we remark that it is better to be sure about a fellow being dead before you plant him.

Robbery at Dresden.

We learned yesterday from a farmer near Dresden, that a store there was entered and robbed on Friday night of between thirty and forty dollars in silver. It is supposed to be the work of tramps who are continually passing through and hanging around our railroad towns.

The First Victim.

Marshall can now put on metropolitan airs. She has the tool of the locomotive, the arrival of trains, the smash of baggage, and her calves can run around excitedly with "horrible accidents" dripping from the ends of their lead pencils. The first of the latter class happened on Thursday evening on the C. & A. R. R. Gun, Garrie, a brakeman, was thrown between two cars Thursday and nungled in such a manner as to produce instant death. He leaves a young wife, but no children. The Company has forwarded his remains to Chicago for interment.

Notice to Voters.

The friends of M. S. Conner and Democratic generally will notice their tickets and be sure that his name is upon them, as candidate for constable. The opposition have nominated an O'Connor for the same office, with an intent to deceive. Watch your tickets.

A Queer Egg.

The Lamonte here have concluded to change the style of egg, and have 'em cut bias. 'Squire B. B. Taylor has sent an egg to the BAZOO that is quite a curiosity. One side of it is flat, and in a circle, like the figures on the dial of a clock, are a lot of calligraphic signs or ciphers. All hands have worked on it this week, and studied it out. The signs read: "The Greenbacks will get everlastingly scooped next Tuesday." One of Mr. Taylor's hens laid this egg, and did her level best on it. It has been put carefully away to hatch.

WARRENSBURG.

—H. Martin Williams is sick.

—That Normal girl has rented a house.

—Printer Hawkins is a candidate. Let the boys help him through, for he is worthy.

—The Shearwater boys and Cresswell will rush into print next week in the columns of the Journal-Democrat.

—That solid business man and good citizen J. H. Kinzel, will adjust the accounts of the First National Bank as Receiver.

—Miss Nellie Vaughan, daughter of General Vaughan of Lexington is visiting her brother Jas. M. Vaughan, Esq., who resides adjacent to Warrensburg.

—Ah—Chew!

Look out for colds about this time. A friend gives us this upon the reason:

Sneezes on Monday—means for danger.

Sneezes on Tuesday—to kiss a stranger.

Sneezes on Wednesday—means for a letter.

Sneezes on Thursday—for something better.

Sneezes on Friday—means for sorrow.

Sneezes on Saturday—good luck to-morrow.

Sneezes on Sunday—best luck of all.

It is great or be it small.

—Little Rose.

SMALL TALK.

Being a Mixed Up Discourse of Things.

But Nevertheless Possessing Certain Interest.

This is a great country. Sometimes we feel like reaching over, catching hold of the edge of the Pacific slope, and standing the darn thing on its edge, kick a hole clear through it. But then a pure and holy calm sweeps over our troubled soul, and we feel as complacent as a solitary doughnut in a sea of lard. 'Tis then the American eagle looms